

THE
MAID OF NORMANDY;
OR,

The DEATH of the QUEEN of FRANCE,

A TRAGEDY,

IN FOUR ACTS:

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE WOLVERHAMPTON,

By EDMUND JOHN EYRE,

Author of the Dreamer Awake, &c. &c.

LATE OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

AND NOW OF THE

THEATRES,

WORCESTER, WOLVERHAMPTON, and SHREWSBURY.

*Divesne, prisco natus ab Inacho,
Nil Interest, an Pauper, et infimâ
De gente sub dio moreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.*

Horace Carmen 3d. lib. 2.

Entered at Stationers Hall.

L O N D O N;

Printed and Sold for the AUTHOR, by T. N. LONGMAN,
No. 39 Pater Noster Row,

[PRICE EIGHTEEN-PENCE.]

1794.

THE
 MAID OF NORMANDY;
 OR,
 THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.



AS PERFORMED AT THE
 THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN,

BY EDWARD JOHN BAYRE,

Author of the Dramas, &c. &c.

OF THE PATENT THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE,

AND NOW OPENED

BY THE

MANAGER, EDWARD JOHN BAYRE, AND SHERRIFF.

Printed by J. G. & Co. at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London.
 The price of the Ticket is 10s. 6d.
 The price of the Programme is 1s. 6d.

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1850

Accept, my Lord, the humble attempt of an
 author, whose chief ambition is to please, and
~~your favor, but whose chief aim is to please~~

due to aspire to excellence.—I have long wished
 as an offering of my gratitude to thank you for the

acknowledgment of my obligations you have
 conferred upon me.—I hope therefore, your

Lordship will pardon my presumption, if I take
 the present opportunity of presenting to the

world, that I have the honor of your notice.

LORD VALENTIA.

My Lord,

AS you were pleased, upon the perusal of a former poetical composition of mine, to express some very flattering sentiments of commendation, and as your Lordship further condescended to honor me with repeated marks of your attention, I have now taken the liberty of presenting your Lordship with the offspring of a melancholy muse.—The whole Tragedy was completed within the space of five weeks, tho' closely engaged, for the greater part of that Time, in the professional duties of a Theatre, and unassisted by a single literary friend; a circumstance which, I hope, will extenuate the errors of a young and inexperienced writer.

Accept,

P R I

Accept, my Lord, the humble attempt of an author, whose chief ambition is to please, and court your favor, but whose ability can never dare to aspire to excellence.—I have long wished, as an offering of my gratitude, to make a public acknowledgment of those obligations you have conferred upon me.—I hope, therefore, your Lordship will pardon my presumption, if I take the present opportunity of publishing to the world, that I have the honour of your notice.

That your Lordship may still continue to be distinguished for every eminent virtue that can adorn the patriot, and enrich nobility; and that your cup of prosperity may be unembitter'd by any mixture of peculiar affliction, is the sincere wish of

Your Lordship's

Most obliged,

And most obedient humble servant,

EDMUND JOHN EYRE



Accept

P R E-

P R E F A C E.

IF, as Horace observes, in his Epistle to the Pisoes,

Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior Actu

Fabula.

I shall scarcely expect to escape the censure of the critic, for the violation of a rule, recommended by the Roman Poet: but, as the subject of the present drama is founded upon Republican-Cruelty, and as each circumstance of that fatal catastrophe is already too deeply impressed upon the memory, I concluded, that the abridgement of an act, would save the unnecessary representation of notorious Events—

As most publick stories, when represented on the stage, lose the power of pleasing from their want of novelty; and as nothing is better able to supply that defect, or relieve the attention of a spectator, than the apposite introduction of unexpected incidents; I chose rather to interweave the imaginary character of Theodore, than tire the auditor by dwelling upon the whole circle of historical facts.—

From

P R E F A C E.

From the memorable revolutions on the continent, unhappily effected by the violence of faction, and of Men, who hide their flagitious villainies under the specious title of REFORMISTS we may deduce this useful lesson; that restricted monarchy, whilst it is a necessary barrier against the madness of the people, at the same time preserves entire, the charter'd Liberties of the meanest subject—

Such is the admirable Constitution of the English Government that no Nation in the world can pretend to set a better model, and no People in the world may live more happy if they please—

“ O Fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint

“ Anglicanos”. —————



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Marat,	-	Mr. WESTON.
Dumiel,	-	Mr. FOWLER.
Theodore,	-	Mr. EYRE.
Lecure,	-	Mr. SMITH.
Officer,	-	Mr. EDWARDS.
Dauphin,	-	Master WESTON.
President of the Revolutionary Tribunal,	}	Mr. GILL.
Robespierre,	-	Mr. ROBERTS.
Charlotte Cordé,	-	Mrs. COLLS.
Princess Royal,	-	Miss SMITH.
Madame Elizabeth,	-	Mrs. MORRELL.
Queen of France,	-	Mrs. EDWARDS.

Guards, Executioner, Servants, &c.

TO THE READER.

THE Author's absence from London, during the printing of the following sheets, having precluded the possibility of correcting the errors of the press himself, he thinks it necessary to plead some apology on the occasion, as he is sensible the *typographical* mistakes are such as cannot pass unnoticed.

March 16, 1794.

~~WILKINSON~~

ERRATA.

- For *minors*, Page 10, Line 11, read *minors*.
- For *relief*, p. 11, l. 14, read *belief*.
- For *time*, p. 15, l. 2, read *time*.
- For *move*, p. 24, l. 19, read *nurse*.
- For *appeal*, p. 25, l. 5, read *appal*.
- For *tears*, p. 25, l. 12, read *fears*.
- For *all*, p. 30, read *and*.
- For *imprison*, p. 47, l. 14, read *imprison*.
- For *rhet'ric*, p. 39, l. 11, read *rhet'rick*.
- For *intent*, p. 40, l. 3, read *instinct*.
- For "May my sinews shrink," &c. p. 43, l. 21, read "No, may my sinews," &c.
- For *thy*, p. 46, l. 15, read *thy*.
- For *exatick*, p. 49, l. 10, read *ecstatic*.
- For *haunt*, p. 53, l. 7, read *haunt*.
- After the word *enduring*, p. 55, l. 8, insert the word *of*.
- For *balcyon*, p. 58, l. 10, read *balcyon*.
- After the word *whisper*, p. 62, l. 9, insert the word *but*.
- For *usefull*, p. 65, l. 3, read *rueful*.
- For "You must *not*, by delay, obstruct," p. 66, l. 6, read "You must *no longer*, by delay, &c."
- For *bir*, p. 68, l. 4, read *the*.
- For *marks*, p. 69, l. 18, read *masks*.
- For *broading*, p. 79, l. 11, read *brooding*.
- For *tho*, p. 83, l. 21, read *shon*.

Other more trivial Errors, the Reader's good sense will naturally correct.



(9)

THE

MAID OF NORMANDY;

OR,

The DEATH of the QUEEN of FRANCE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. ROBESPIERRE'S.

Enter ROBESPIERRE.

AMBITION! Child of illustrious honor!
Thou golden danger of aspiring thoughts—
How few have courage to pursue thy course,
Or climb, with cautious step, the steep ascent
Of tow'ring eminence!—By subtile craft,
(That secret engine of destructive harm,)

B

I have

10 THE MAID OF NORMANDY; Or,

I have remov'd each barrier that oppos'd
My bold admittance to the seat of Kings.

The scorpion rod of pow'r's within my grasp,
Nor will I lose the hold from out my hand,
Tho' Hell combin'd, should open all its gates,
To wrest it from my gripe—Mankind may scorn,
And descant on the practice of deceit,
The Politician's wisdom, and the wheel
That sets in motion all his vast designs—
Yet, those who undermine, and work unseen,
Are, like the Minors, in the cavern'd earth
Of Spain's rich golden treasury, Peru,
Rewarded by the precious, fossil ore.

Most opportunely to my wishes, came
The stranger, Theodore; at the close of day,
When, as he enter'd Paris for redress,
My lucky stars first pointed out the man—
Under the 'semblance of fair Charity,
I brought him here to rest—As yet, I think,
He knows me not—and then, his friendless
state,
Marks him a proper instrument of mischief,

Enter THEODORE.

My friend and citizen, your night's repose
Seems to have drawn the cloud from off your
brow.

THEODORE.

Ah! Sir, the sun will often shine thro' tears,

R o-



ROBESPIERRE.

My purse, my person, and whatever means
That friendship can devise to cure your ills,
This roof, without restraint of forms, affords.

THEODORE.

Your kindness, Sir, o'erpow'rs my feeble
thanks ;

Yet such return as gratitude can make,
For benefits receiv'd, you may command :
Nor think I vainly boast, when I protest,
The greatest blessing to a gen'rous heart,
Is to employ the life allow'd by fate,
In useful service for a valu'd friend.

ROBESPIERRE.

We all in speculation are the same—
But what immediate proof would you embrace,
More than the lofty sound of empty words,
To challenge and secure relief?

THEODORE.

My tongue,
Unpractic'd in the villain's phrase of speech,
Disdains to wear the specious mask of guile,
Scorns to entrap by flatt'ry, or betray
The noble virtue of a trusting friend.—

Truth hangs a crystal mirror 'fore the heart,
Thro' which, suspicion may at all times look,
And read the secret counsels of the soul.

ROBESPIERRE.

Your accents are the herald of your faith,
And the true presage of a worthy mind.

As favors when conferr'd, too oft assume
The tone of arrogance, and strict command,
Making the man on whom they are bestow'd,
But one degree remov'd from common slaves—
I shall resign my claim upon your duty,
Which now stands debtor to my lavish'd bounty,
And humbly beg, what others might demand.

THEODORE.

Name but the task, that I may instant fly,
Swift as the deer across the frozen Alps,
To bring your wishes to their destin'd home.

My anxious breast, impatient of delay,
Pants for the moment, pregnant with events,
When my untutor'd sword shall prove my zeal,
And shew me not unworthy of regard.

ROBESPIERRE.

'Tis bravely spoken, and I much rejoice
To find our sentiments so well accord—

Brief let me be—tho' Capet has expir'd
Beneath the sway of persecuting rage,
Yet must another sacrifice be made,
Ere we can sleep secure within our gates.

The dull assembly, fetter'd by their fears,
'Are half inclin'd to spare the captive Queen :
But, that I may accelerate her doom,

Let

Let it be your care to bribe the million,
Defame her virtue, paint her as the cause
Of ev'ry tyranny which France has borne.

The heedless populace, with greedy ear,
Will swallow your discourse, and thus inflam'd,
Thunder their voices with the Jacobins,
For speedy vengeance on their widow'd Queen,
Why stand you thus amaz'd, and fix'd in
thought?

You ruminate too deeply on your losses.
Here's that will amply furnish all your wants.

[Giving him money.]

THEODORE.

Your pardon, Sir, I must decline the bait.

ROBESPIERRE.

What means this riddle? 'Twas but yester-
night,

You pleaded indigence, and freely took
The proffer'd bounty of my lib'ral hand.

THEODORE.

'Tis true, I did—but then I knew you not.
Tho' hard oppression, and the scythe of war,
Expell'd me from my happy, native plains;
Tho' poor and friendless, wretched and forlorn,
Not all the prize of India, or its gems,
Should bribe me to forget I was a man,
Or stain my honor for the wealth of worlds.

R o.

ROBESPIERRE.

'Tis mighty well—are these your vaunted
thanks?

When I beheld you first, you were o'erwhelm'd,
Half-drown'd, and sinking in a sea of troubles;
And when my hand would snatch you from
distress—

THEODORE.

Say, rather, plunge me deeper in despair.

ROBESPIERRE.

'Tis ever thus th'ungrateful heart repays,
In scornful terms, the benefactor's gift.

THEODORE.

I am as far from base ingratitude,
As thou art, Monster, from the radiant light
Of Virtue's hallow'd shrine—your hellish art,
Would meanly take advantage of my state,
And thinking me as poor in soul, as means
Of worldly substance, basely would seduce,
By paltry gold, my unsuspecting nature.

But know, my honesty defies the snare,
My bosom pants indignant at the thought,
And spite of fear, I'll tell thee to thy face,
Thou art a villain.

My

ROBESPIERRE.

My rage is rising.

But moderation better suits the times. [*Aside.*]

Tho' thy opprobrious language has debas'd,
Slander'd my reputation, by a word,
Too gross for cooler reason to repeat—
Yet, will I blot it from my memory;
Nay, more, will raise you to the height of pow'r,
If, by the breath of calumny, thou wilt
Poison the tide of Justice, and enrage
The mad intoxication of the rabble,
To hasten, by their clamours, the decree
Which shall annihilate the pride of Austria.

THEODORE.

Sworn liegeman to my country, and my King,
My oath of fealty, whispers in my ear,
Revenge the suff'rings of a murder'd King;
Protect his hapless Queen, and plant the Crown,
Upon the baby-brow of Louis' Son!—

Grant me, kind Heav'n, the heart-dissolving
bliss,
To succour, and redress the Royal Martyrs,
And vindicate, tho' at the loss of life,
The cause that binds me to an injur'd Prince.

ROBESPIERRE.

Beware, rash man, how you provoke me further.

My

My anger, just suppress'd, rekindles now,
 And soon will blazen forth with double heat :
 The axe is sharpen'd, and the block prepar'd.

THEODORE.

Your threat'ning I retort but with a smile,
 A smile of most ineffable contempt.

The stately lion shrinks not when he hears,
 Or heeds the bellowing of the baited bull.

Does thy conscience sleep?—Can nothing rouse
 thee?—

For once, awake!—The voice of truth attend—
 And tho' the novel sound may grate thine ear,
 No longer dare to be thy Sov'reign's foe.

ROBESPIERRE.

Go, preach your documents to those who'll
 hear;

Roar your philippick in the schools, and cram
 Your pedant-meal into the hungry mouths
 Of scholiasts, they will thank you for the food ;
 Such diet suits not with *my* appetite.
 But one thing more, resolve without delay,
 To execute my charge, or, else expect,
 The utmost rigour of offended law.

THEODORE.

And dar'st thou talk of law, when thou hast
 broke

The

The DEATH of *the* QUEEN of FRANCE. 17

The sacred duties of thy King, and God!—
When thou, and thy infernal minions,
Profane the heav'nly mysteries, and live,
Declar'd the sacrilegious enemies
Of moral virtue and religious faith.

Oh! were such miscreants prostrate at my
feet,

Begging remission of their horrid crimes—
Tho' ev'ry tear, should be a court of mercy,
And ev'ry sigh, the breath of new-born babes,
The echoes of their shame should deaf my pity,
That my relentless steel might pierce their hearts,
And, with a whirl-wind's stormy speed, trans-
port

Their mangled bodies to the stygian gloom.

[Exit.

ROBESPIERRE.

'Tis well he's gone—I trembled for my safety,
How brave is innocence—how weak is guilt!

This Theodore, tho' in a beggar's garb,
Is happier than myself; what tho' I've stem'd
The envious torrent of an adverse party;
Loaded my coffers—yet, my great ambition
Has spread so bold a pinion, and has soar'd
To such an eagle height—my dizzy brain
Dares not look backward on the rugged steep
That I have climb'd, lest I fall headlong down,
Off the stupendous summit of the cliff—

C

The

The worm of conscience feeds upon my life—
And tho' environ'd by an armed host,
Each hour I dread some bold assassin's stroke;
Nor are my nights more tranquil than my days,
For midnight visions haunt my mental fight.

Oh! conscience, conscience—would I could
recall—

But since that hope is vain, I'll steel my breast;
Against compunction wage eternal war—
Remorse, farewell—for desperation now,
Shall henceforth be my monitor, and guide,
And tho' through infamy, I'll rise to fame.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

AN HOTEL IN PARIS.

Enter CHARLOTTE CORDE, and DUMIEL.

DUMIEL.

Say, shall we further yet pursue our journey?
Or weari'd, and fatigu'd, repose to day,
And with recruited renovated strength,
Set onward by to-morrow's dawn?

CORDE.

No; here,
My journey ends. (*sighs*)

DUMIEL.

Why that convulsive sigh?
Oh! dearest lady, I would not offend—
Pardon the faithful, tho' officious zeal
Of your poor servant, who would yield his life,
Could he but pour the cordial of relief,
Into the aching bosom of his mistress.

C 2

CORDE.

CORDE.

My woes, Dumiel, would mock thy friendly
aid,
For peace, the wonted tenant of this breast,
Has now forsook th' abode, and in it's room,
A hideous group, the offspring of despair,
Eclips'd the happy sunshine of the heart,
And life, alas, is now my bitt'rest foe.

DUMIEL.

Yet sure that pow'r who dissipates the clouds,
Which to the sea-worn mariners portend
The awful summons of infuriate storms,
Will calm the tempest of a troubled mind,
Sooth by the sound of heav'n-created hope—

CORDE.

Talk not of hope—It is a slender reed,
The feeblest pressure, or the gentlest breeze,
Bends to the earth; an *Ignis Fatuus*
To the forlorn, benighted traveller,
Who trusting the delusive light, wanders,
Until the rising sun illumines the path,
And shews to his misguided expectation,
The folly of credulity.

DUMIEL.

DUMIEL.

Yet, hear—

Tho' hope may not administer a cure,
It may repress the sigh, assuage the throbs
Of life-consuming anguish, and recall
The crimson blush upon your beauteous cheek,
Which moisten'd by your tears, is like the rose,
When it unfolds it's damask leaves, glittering,
With the dews of heav'n—Be chearful lady—
Each honest breast will sympathize with yours,
Share all your woes, and bring you some relief.

CORDE.

Few, few, like thee, would catch the bitter
drops,
Which from the cup of sorrow overflow,
Or wipe the tear from off the pallid cheek.

Friends are, like swallows, that when summer
suns

Impress their fervid rays upon the earth,
And hills and valleys shine with golden hue,
In vast abundance fly about the coast;
But soon as winter low'rs, and angry clouds
Threaten aloud the bankruptcy of nature,
They disperse—

Our only refuge from the storms of fate,
Is in the dark asylum of the tomb.

DUMIEL.

DUMIEL.

These sad ideas but increase your pain,
And court the mind's worst enemy, despair—
Speak, I conjure you, tell me of the cause
Of our mysterious journey into Paris.
Nay, you must hearken to my strong entreaties.
Have you forgot that in this rebel city,
Your good Alberto moulders in his grave,
Deprived of being for his sworn fidelity,
And firm allegiance to the royal cause?

CORDE.

Imprinted on the record of my breast,
Busy remembrance paints the horrid day,
When, by the sev'ring axe, Alberto died. (*weeps*)
Oh, may the deed be register'd above,
And draw down vengeance on the murderers—
Let ev'ry plague that harden'd Egypt bore,
Be multiplied on them, and on their race,
With treble woe; that they may learn, and feel
The agonizing pangs of conscious guilt,
And, tortur'd by their crimes, at last expire,
In all the horrors of eternal shame.

DUMIEL.

Forbear, my worthiest mistress, and reflect
Your sorrows thus indulg'd may wake suspicion.

CORDE.

C O R D É.

Said'st thou, forbear?—Go, bid the galley
slave

To kiss the hand that chains him to the oar;
Forbid the ocean to assault the beach,
Or blust'ring winds transfix the sturdy oak,
Then talk to me of cool indifference,
For my Alberto's timeless death; for, oh,
The very thought, like draughts of potent wine,
To the fermented brain, drives reason mad.

D U M I E L.

I cannot see your grief transport you thus,
And not partake your sadness; leave awhile,
These melancholy thoughts, and let me know,
Why you abandon'd in such haste your home,
Forsook, at dead of night, your peaceful couch,
And with resistless ardour bent your way,
To this curs'd place?—Where, innocence, abas'd,
Flies from the snare of democratic rage.

C O R D É.

Who can behold with calm philosophy,
The falling fabrick of monarchal pow'r,
Demolish'd by the base, insidious arts
Of upstart tyrants, who pervert the laws,
And not like me, resolve to act a deed,
That shall amaze the gazing world!

DUMIEL.

DUMIEL.

Good heav'n,
What means the frantic raving of your speech?

CORDE.

To see the form of desolated France—
To see a King insulted, and deposed,
Dragg'd to the scaffold, by a lawless band,
To glut the malice of his enemies;
His Queen imprison'd, with her hapless race,
Mourning their murder'd fire—at such a sight—
E'en stoic apathy, with iron-heart,
Would feel the glow of warm humanity,
And blow the trumpet to awake revenge!

DUMIEL.

Your purpose, half disclos'd, affrights my soul.
Explain your meaning—wherefore have you left
Your aged father to bewail your loss,
And mourn the absence of his darling child?

CORDE.

My father?—When I think what he'll endure
To hear his daughter's fate, the patriot's zeal,
Gives way to filial tenderness, and love.

No more my care shall move declining age,
Smooth the rough pillow of infirm decay,

Or,

Or, rock the cradle of that helpless state
Of second childhood; for, oh, my father,
My converse shall delight your ear no more.

DUMIEL.

Your words, like thunder, to a guilty wretch,
Appeal my courage, and my trembling pulse,
Beats in expectance of some dread event.

CORDE.

'Twere needless to repeat how much I've borne,
Since the sad tidings of Alberto's death;
Know, then, that I have sworn a sacred oath,
T'avenge his murder and my country's wrongs.

Steel'd by the cause, ere long you will behold
A woman's vengeance mount into a blaze!—

My woes I will convert to special use—
My streaming tears shall swell the great account
Of dire revenge, until the thunderbolt,
And fiery sparks of raging indignation,
Burst, with consuming wrath, upon the head
Of that detested homicide, Marat,
That vile assassin-fiend, the type of Hell.

DUMIEL.

My senses quite bewilder'd in surprise,
But dimly see into your dark design:
My tears interpret that your rage resolves.—

D

COR-

C O R D É.

To stab the hated monster to the heart !

D U M I E L.

Thou canst not perpetrate a deed so curs'd—
A deed, that will for ever damn thy fame,
And rank thee with the list of murderers.
A deed—

C O R D É.

That will immortalize my name !
What will they say of her, who, scorning death,
With Roman courage, and heroic fire,
Singly step'd forward to preserve her country ?
Will not historians dwell upon the page,
Wonder, with rapture, on the glorious cause,
Produce my name to stimulate the brave,
And teach succeeding ages to admire,
Then emulate the heroine of the North ?

D U M I E L.

Still do not rashly run into the den,
Where, with extended jaws, the tyger sits,
Couching, and eager to devour his prey.
What gain you by the perilous attempt ?
The slender consolation of renown,
Too dearly purchas'd by the loss of life.

C O R -

C O R D É.

Had I ten thousand lives concenter'd here,
Within the narrow compass of this frame,
I would resign them all, and to the last,
Exult in death, could but the poor exchange,
Ransom, with honor, what my country's lost.

How meanly abject is indeed that wretch,
Who, with a coward's fear, would not forego
The hopes of living, to secure the peace,
And future glory of his native land!—

D U M I E L.

Consider yet—let not misguided zeal,
Urge you to stain your spotless soul with blood.
Humanity is nobler than revenge.
Mercy, engender'd by the pitying tears
Of angels, weeping at the Throne of Grace,
For pardon on mankind, should teach us all
Forgiveness is an attribute of Heav'n!

C O R D É.

And so is justice—therefore, I'm resolv'd.

D U M I E L.

Recall your banish'd reason to your aid,
And, ere it is too late, repent your vow.

D 2

Grant

Grant that Marat is worse than you describe,
Have you the delegated right to punish?
The first, great pow'r of heav'n's prerogative.

C O R D É.

There was a time when counsel such as thine,
Like musick to the ravish'd ear of love,
Might once have lull'd the sad, complaining
heart ;

But now—the breath of vengeance blows a
flame,

Which ne'er can be extinguish'd but by blood !

Yes, thou destroyer of a monarch's life,
Thou vile tormentor of a suff'ring Queen,
And chief abetter of rebellion's crew,
Impendent horrors hover o'er thy head !
“ Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,”
A woman's feeble arm shall strike the blow,
That hurls thee down the precipice of woe ;
There, vanquish'd, groan, in adamantine chains,
And, like th' apostle angels, curse thy pains !

(EXEUNT.

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

A C T. II.

SCENE I.—*The* TEMPLE.

The QUEEN, PRINCESS ROYAL, MADAME ELIZABETH, and *the* DAUPHIN, *discover'd*, in deep mourning.

QUEEN,

(*Kneeling.*) Eternal source!—The fountain—
and the spring—

Thus lowly prostrate, humbled to the dust,
Be witness to our grateful adoration!—

Emit one heav'nly spark of consolation,
To cheer the horrors which possess my soul.

And if an infant's feeble voice ascends,
Or can be heard amidst the choral strain.

Pity the sorrows of my mourning children—

Spread thy protecting mantle o'er their heads,
And guard them with the shield of innocence.

Let not the murd'rous sword, or hidden poison,
Destroy the budding blossoms of their youths.

On me, alone, let ev'ry mischief fall—

And when this head shall sink, as soon it must,

Oh!

30 *The* MAID of NORMANDY; Or,

Oh, grant me patience to abide the storm,
And bow submissive to the will of fate. [*Rising.*]

DAUPHIN.

From morn to eve, from eve 'till morn again,
I've wept, and cry'd to be released; alas,
I fear me, mother, 'tis in vain to hope it.

PRINCESS ROYAL.

Where are our friends, and kinsmen? Never
more,
Shall we behold them—This is all our world—
Here nothing shall be heard but sighs, and
groans,
Or, the dull clock that counts each trickling
tear.

Summer shall redden all the autumn bloom,
But we shall never see it—
For dead, cold winter, will inhabit here.

MADAME.

How drear and dark, are fate's mysterious
ways!
In error's mazes, how are mortals lost!—
Where are the flatt'ring prospects which
adorn'd
Our earlier days, and made us dance with joy?
Where is the splendid dome—the glitt'ring robe—
The tributary homage of a court?

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

(To the Dauphin) Ah! what avails, my child,
thy royal birth?

Thou art but now supreme in misery—

Ill-fated hour, when on thy infant head,
Keen northern winds despoil'd the promis'd fruit,
Blasted the wreaths, and wither'd all the bays,
We fondly wove to crown thy riper years.

DAUPHIN.

I wish that I had been some shepherd boy,
Rather than what I am; for then, methinks,
I might have liv'd in peace, the happy tenant
Of an humble cot.

QUEEN.

Deceitful pageantry!—

Had fate allotted us some lowly birth,
Free from the jarring cares of pompous courts,
Then no ambitious kinsman's impious arts,
Had strove to wrest us from our small domain;
Or mov'd the simple peasants to rebel,
And rob a King, and Father of his life!—

Then balmy slumbers would have bless'd our
nights,
Then jocund labour, salutary pain,
And roseate health, without the aid of art,

Had

Had smiled upon our pleasant waking hours.
 But now, my never-ceasing tears must flow,
 Now must the canker, grief, corroding smart,
 Prey on the rosy cheek ; now, like the lily,
 Nipt by the hoary winter, we shall droop,
 Languish and wither in a green-old age.

MADAME.

More than enough of sorrow hast thou
 known—
 Take comfort, sister.

QUEEN.

Oh, what sov'reign balm,
 Can heal a wound so deeply torn as mine ?
 I could have borne the sad reverse of fortune,
 Have call'd this prison, but affliction's palace,
 Had but my Lord—my King—my husband liv'd.

DAUPHIN.

Oh, Mother, who must be my father now ?

QUEEN.

The God of Heav'n!—The Father of the
 fatherless!—

He, my poor, suff'ring babe, will watch thy steps,
 And with a lambent flame, celestial love,
 Will be a guardian to thy helpless state.

DAU-

DAUPHIN.

But, will he take me to his bosom, kifs,
And fondle o'er me, as my father did?

QUEEN.

Yes, my dear child, for he's the orphan's
friend;
The pillow, where the wretched shall recline,
The lap, where mis'ry shall at last repose.—

DAUPHIN.

I wish then I was seated on his knee,
And you, my mother, on the other side.—
But will he come to us?

QUEEN.

My breaking heart! *[Aside.*
No, we must go to him.

DAUPHIN.

You mock me sure.
For 'tis impossible to go to him,
As ev'ry door is lock'd.

QUEEN.

Death will unbar the gates, and let us free!

[Wildly.

E

PRIN-

PRINCESS ROYAL.

His boyish prattle but disturbs her mind,
And wakes the mem'ry of my father's doom.

QUEEN.

Oh! for a taste of that oblivious stream,
Whose draught might drive remembrance from
its seat!

For when I think on what I've been, a Queen,
And think on what I am, forlorn, abandon'd,
And to compleat my woes, a prisoner,
Bereft of ev'ry thing but conscious virtue,
My frantick, fev'rish brain runs mad—and see—
Ah, sacred form!—dear 'semblance of my love,
What cause has sent thee from Elysium here?
Oh, extacy! my King—my Lord—my
Louis!—

Thus, let me clasp thee, in a fond embrace,
Thus, let me sink to everlasting peace,
That I may never, never lose thee more!

[Falls on the ground.]

PRINCESS ROYAL.

Rise, rise my Royal mother, and look up,
It is your poor afflicted daughter speaks—
Behold, my gushing tears attest my grief!

DAU-

DAUPHIN.

Pray let me kiss her hand—oh, do not die!
For who will comfort us, when thou art gone?

MADAME.

See, she revives—so—gently raise her up.

QUEEN.

Alas! where am I?—'Twas delusion all.

[*Rising.*

My senses are, indeed, imperfect—wild—
I am the slave of fate—the sport of malice,
The sneer of envy—oh!—misfortune's hand
Has dealt so hardly with me, that I bow
Beneath a load of evils; and the winds
Have blown so rude a tempest on my head,
That soon this slender, shatter'd bark, will sink,
Dash'd into pieces by the stormy world.

MADAME.

Despond not wholly—look for happier times.
That thought may lessen, if not quite remove,
The anxious throbbings of a parent's breast.

QUEEN.

I care not for myself—tho' death be terrible,
I would with pleasure wait the fatal blow,
Embrace the grizzly spectre with a smile,

E 2

And

And lay me gently on the bed of earth,
 Could but my death appease the furious traitors,
 And purchase freedom to my orphan race.
 That is too great a blessing to expect.
 The trunk once hewn, the branches soon will
 perish.

Their lives will next be added to the blood
 Of slaughter'd thousands!—yes, my children too,
 Will both be butcher'd.

PRINCESS ROYAL.

Dive not in futurity—
 Anticipation does but double woes.
 Have other thoughts—take hope to your relief.

QUEEN.

Hope's a slow balsam to a wounded mind,
 Will sometimes soothe, but oftner will deceive.
 Destructive hope!—whose faint, delusive light,
 Shews, like the taper's blaze, when just extinct,
 That, glim'ring fades—then leaves us in the
 dark!

[The Scene closes.]

SCENE

SCENE II. MARAT'S *Apartment.*

Enter MARAT.

Be firm, my soul, firm on thy stony basis.
Disdain each thorny danger that would bar
Thy way to glory—long have I been sunk
In low obscurity, the bane of honor—
But now, my active genius, like the comet,
That shoots it's train of light against the sun,
Shall blaze superior to a Monarch's pride!

Curse on the laws of hard, despotic rule,
That taught me first the weight of cruel bondage,
The worst of bondage, which inthralls the mind;
A vassal's, slavish, and obsequious duty,
A vile submission to a haughty Lord!—
But now, ye fawning sycophants, no more,
Shall ye imprison, by your baleful breath,
The sprouting branches of our fav'rite tree.

Oh! 'twas an happy artifice, to catch
The gaping wonder of the multitude!—

Am I the people's friend thro' love of justice?
No, 'tis my interest links me to the crowd,
My bold ambition, and my great revenge!

Enter CORDE.

CORDE.

Forgive a stranger, who can thus intrude,
And seek an audience for your private ear.

MARAT.

MARAT.

My leisure, Madam, waits on your command.

CORDE.

I come to crave your mercy, in behalf
Of my poor countrymen, whose loyalty
Demands that the Convention should repeal
The cruel sentence which has doom'd 'em
traitors,
Forc'd them to wander forth as wretched exiles,
And beg protection in a foreign land.

MARAT.

There let them starve, and all who would
combine
To overturn the freedom we have rais'd.

CORDE.

Say anarchy, and freedom misapply'd—
The stream of Liberty untainted flows,
And runs far clearer than Diana's fount—
Your boasted freedom is the savage law,
To sanction murder, and applaud rebellion.—
For Liberty's enthusiastic zeal,
To the misguided mind of vulgar sense,
Is like a dagger in the ruthless hand
Of raging madness—and, let me tell you,
The worst of tyrants is—a Democrat.

MA-

MARAT.

Your sex's privilege may warrant speech,
But as the chosen friend of our Republick,
And covenanted foe of scepter'd idols,
My duty to my country, glorious impulse!
Bids me denounce thee, traitress, as a rebel.

CORDE'.

And can'st thou urge the specious name of
duty,
And call thyself a patriot, when thou
Hast trampled on the laws, and overthrown
The venerated rights of monarchy?
Stoop'd to the meanest acts, and with thy false,
Base rhet'ick, poison'd the people's loyalty.
The tree, which has for ages been admir'd,
Whose blossoms, sweeter than the spicy fragrance,
Wafted by gentle winds, spread odors round,
Deform'd rebellion rooted from the earth.

MARAT.

Yes, but in it's stead, the hand of liberty,
Transplanted from a neighb'ring soil, a tree,
Shall shadow France, and bloom an evergreen.

CORDE'.

Enticing as the fruit appears, the taste,

Like

Like the forbidden tree of Paradise,
Entails perpetual sorrow on the land.

If reason, justice, and the gen'rous intent,
Which makes us feel for virtue in distress,
Be not absorb'd by blood-fed cruelty,
Relax the rigour of rebellious hate,
Restore the antient government of kings,
Release the royal captives from the Temple;
And, by one act of mercy, shew the world,
Thou hast not lost the feelings of a man.

M A R A T.

This woman's war of railing I despise,
For, from this hour I swear to sacrifice,
Each foolish pity to vindictive ire.

C O R D E'.

If mild compassion cannot sway thy breast,
Remember, wretch, (or, if thou hast not read,
Turn o'er the sad, but wise historic page,)
And see the dangers which await thy crimes.

The day of retribution is at hand—
The hour approaches, when an upright judge,
Shall weigh thine actions in an equal scale,
Without abatement of a single grain.

My warning over I shall now retire—
Ere long, expect me once again; 'till then,
I charge you to reflect upon the fate

That

The DEATH *of the* QUEEN *of* FRANCE. 41

That waited Cæsar, on the Ides of March!—

Be wise—repent.

[Exit.]

MARAT.

Think'st thou, imperious woman,

Such idle fancies can alarm my fears?

Yet was there something in her aw'd my rage,
Nay, more, her charms engross'd my am'rous
thoughts.

A happy project, like the dawning light,
Bursting thro' chaos, strikes upon my mind—
Guards shall attend to seize upon her person—
Her luscious sweets I will enjoy, by force;
Then, sated with the nauseous banquet, rise,
And have her apprehended as a rebel—
Thus shall I glut, at once, my love, and ven-
geance!

'Twill be the feast, the luxury of revenge!—

[Exit.]

F

SCENE

SCENE III.—A STREET.

Enter DUMIEL, followed by THEODORE, in the Military Habit of a National Guard.

DUMIEL.

Oh, how this meeting will rejoice my mistress,
We all have mourn'd you dead---how did you
'scape

The execution of the cruel law,
Pronounc'd against thee by the dire tribunal?

THEODORE.

The rumour of my death was caus'd by chance,
A victim of the self-same name, and country,
Had suffered for his loyalty; hence, fame,
That busy babler of inventive mischief,
Proclaim'd the story of my forfeit life.

DUMIEL.

What more confirm'd us in the sad belief,
Was, that no letter, at th' accustom'd day,
On which you always wrote, had been reciev'd.

THEODORE.

The cautious jealousy of the leaders,
Who rule the nation with despotic sway,

Fore-

Forewarn'd me of the hazard; as I heard,
That ev'ry packet was detained, and opened.
This was the reason of my painful silence.

And to avoid the danger of arrest,
(For I had once been favoured by the king,)
I chose t' assume the name of Theodore;
And for some space of time had liv'd concealed,
Among the peasants, and the mountaineers
Of Savoy's barren, and unfruitful soil,
'Till the incursion of some famish'd troops,
Disturb'd the quiet of my safe retreat.

DUMIEL.

But, wherefore in this military garb?
You cannot surely mean to join the cause,
And be a champion of republic rage?

THEODORE.

T'avoid suspicion, and all search elude,
I have enlisted as a volunteer,
In the same cohort that surrounds the Temple.

A glorious expectation fir'd my breast,
No less than to release the captive Queen!

What, fight on the side of rebels? never!—
May my sinews shrink, my strength decay,
And palsy'd age enerve my youthful limbs,
If e'er I shall abjure a subject's homage,
Or, draw my sword against a monarch's right!

Du-

DUMIEL.

May heav's reward you for your loyal zeal.

THEODORE.

Now, speak, and tell me of your lovely mistress—
How does my Charlotte, my ador'd Cordé?

DUMIEL.

My joy to see you safe, had for awhile,
Almost subdued my sorrow for her—

THEODORE.

Death?—

Oh! say but that my Charlotte lives, or grief
Will turn me to a statue of despair.

DUMIEL.

My mistress lives.

THEODORE.

Thrice happy Theodore,
The wretch condemn'd, and just reprieved from
death,
Feels not more bliss than I do at the sound
That tells me Charlotte is alive!

Du-

DUMIEL.

Ah, sir,
Too short will be your joy, for I must now
Unfold a tale that will confound the hearer.
Yet, ere you listen, with all care put on,
The surest armour, passive fortitude.

THEODORE.

What means that falling tear, that piteous look?
Ha! what a scene of sorrow is expressed
In the deep furrows of your clouded brow!
With such a countenance, e'en Priam's sons
Stood upon the embattled walls of Troy,
When Hector fell, slain by Achilles' spear.

Where is she?—nay, your speechless agonies,
Do conjure up a thousand killing doubts.

DUMIEL.

My poor, young lady, thinking you were dead—

THEODORE.

Is wedded to another!—is't not so?—
Heaven, and earth, is this my promis'd joy?—
Oh, woman, woman, false, deceitful woman!
Your vows are nothing more than icicles,
Which the warm sun, your passions, soon dis-
solve!

Du-

DUMIEL.

Nay, do not wrong her lasting constancy,
Or, cast a blemish on her maiden honor.
How she has loved you, you may learn from me.
On hearing of your dreadful fate, she left
Her father's house without one last adieu,
And journey'd here; revolving in her mind,
The total ruin of your murderers—
And, in the transport of distracted rage,
Resolved—I shudder whilst I name the deed.

THEODORE.

Stretch me not on the rack---my heart will burst—
Act not the torturer, but let me know
The dreadful secret---what has she resolved?

DUMIEL.

To stab Marat—and glories in the thought.

THEODORE.

Heroic maid; exalted, matchless virtue!
When I remember not they try'd affection,
May scorn, the villain's infamy, o'ertake me.
Oh, let us haste to save her from destruction.

END OF ACT II.

The DEATH of *the* QUEEN of FRANCE.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.—The TEMPLE.

The Royal Captives discovered.

QUEEN.

Dear liberty, thou first, best gift of nature!—
Bless'd with thy sweets, forth from his clay-built
cot,

The lowly hind, contentment for his dow'r,
Rises at early morn, and cheerly sings ;
Or, as he yokes the oxen to the plough,
Whistles the ditty of some rustick love.
At close of day, his labour well perform'd,
He hies him home, and o'er the blazing hearth,
His prattling offspring, and his artless mate,
Share in their turns the envy'd smile of joy.

Soon as the night, with fable, wide expanse,
Darkly obscures the cheering light of day,
And in her murky vest appears to mourn
The sun's declined beam, he lays him down
Upon his bed, and weary'd with his toil,

In

48. *The* MAID of NORMANDY; Or,

In slumbers, unembitter'd by disease,
Sleeps, 'till the wakeful harbinger of morn,
Tunes his shrill trumpet.

Enter ROBESPIERRE.

ROBESPIERRE.

Widow of Capet,
I come with tidings will rejoice your heart.

QUEEN.

Sister, do you retire within the chamber
Allotted us to rest.

[Exeunt Dauphin, Princess Royal, and Madame.]
Your business, Sir?

ROBESPIERRE.

I come deputed by a special order
Of our Convention, to propose you terms.

QUEEN.

Any conditions honourably offer'd,
I'm ever bound by honor to receive.

ROBESPIERRE.

Thus then it is—the people harrass'd out
By the insatiate ravages of war,
(For meager famine stares 'em in the Face,)
Wait with impatience the return of peace.

QUEEN

THE DEATH of the QUEEN of FRANCE. 49

QUEEN.

Tho' dearly I lament the fatal cause,
That rouses Europe, and her sons to arms,
Yet Gallia's mad, degenerate race, will find
That warring nations combat on the side
Of honor, reason, justice, and humanity!—

ROBESPIERRE.

I stand not here to waste my time in words,
Or, listen to invective, false abuse—
I came to stipulate the means of freedom,
With pow'r to loose you from your close confinement.

QUEEN.

Release me, did you say? Exstict found!
Has malice spent its fury? have the regicides
At last relented?—or, has high heaven,
In pity to my sufferings heard my pray'rs?
Oh, thou hast rais'd me from the depth of woe,
To joys unutterable.

ROBESPIERRE.

Yet, ere you taste
The cup of happiness our Senate pours,
The safety of the commonweal requires
That you subscribe to what they shall propose.

G

QUEEN

No *The* MAID of NORMANDY; Or,

QUEEN.

I were unworthy of the name of Queen,
If aught I could refuse, that might ensure
The solid basis of domestick peace.—

Yet, let me add, my present, wretched state,
Shall ne'er extort a promise of disgrace :
I'd rather live in all the bitterness

Of wand'ring poverty, than teach my tongue
To speak a language that my heart abhors—

Nor will I make concessions which might cast
A stain upon the House of Austria,
The noble lineage of imperial Cæsar.

ROBESPIERRE.

We value not a list of ancestry,
The boast of heraldry our laws rebuke.

QUEEN.

I do remember, France is govern'd now,
By the course dross—the lees—

ROBESPIERRE.

Well be it so.

Not worse the soil which is manur'd by dung.

But to my purpose—if you would regain

The liberty you seek, make no denial

To what I shall demand; this moment write,

As

The DEATH *of the* QUEEN *of* FRANCE. 51

As from yourself, unto the German Prince,
And each Commander of the royalists—
Entreat them quickly to withdraw their troops—
This done, expect the best—you shall be free.

QUEEN.

And, is it thus you would assuage my woe?
Is't thus you greet me with the sounds of joy?
Dissembling wretch!—just so, the bird of omen,
Will croak against the window of the sick,
And by his hoarse, and inauspicious note,
Forewarn them of their death!—thou art de-
ceiv'd,
For sorrow has not so far dim'd my sight,
But that I see into your deep design.

ROBESPIERRE.

Is this your answer?

QUEEN.

'Tis my final one.

ROBESPIERRE.

Proud, haughty woman, thou shalt yet be
humbled.

QUEEN.

You may prepare your torments, racks, and
death,
Degrade me to the lowest wretchedness,

G 2

Rob

Rob me of food, and rayment—yet, my *mind*,
Shall 'scape the Shipwreck, *that's* above thy ma-
lice

ROBESPIERRE.

Ere long you will be glad to put in force,
The philosophick art of patient virtue [*Sneeringly*].

QUEEN.

Oh, what a lesson to the pride of greatness?
Am I so vile to be the slave of mirth?

'Tis not what cruel destiny inflicts,
Can change the native greatness of the soul,
For inborn virtue peircing thro' the gloom,
Shall rise superior to the shafts of fate,
And tell me here, (*pointing to her breast*) that
I am still a Queen.

ROBESPIERRE.

Your life depends upon my will.

QUEEN.

Indulge
Thy brutal vengeance on my life, for death
Is all the mercy which I look for here.
Imbrue your hands in blood, 'twill end my pains,
And re-unite me to my murder'd Lord!

ROBESPIERRE.

No, ere thy head be sever'd by the axe,
The gnawing tooth of keen, devouring grief,
Shall hourly feed upon your pamper'd blood;
Till

'Till worn, and wasted by your ling'ring pains,
Thy dreadful imprecations startle hell!

QUEEN.

And dost thou come, inhuman as thou art,
Stain'd with the recent slaughter of my King,
To torture, with redoubled pangs, my heart?
Thus mad, distracted, raging with my wrongs,
My screaming agonies shall hunt thy soul,
My echoing groans shall hunt thee, like a fury,
And halloo to thy harden'd, guilty ear,
Revenge for murder—for a Monarch's murder!

[The Dauphin bursts in, followed by Madame, and Princess Royal, and runs up to Robespierre.]

DAUPHIN.

Oh, do not, do not treat my mother thus!

[Kneels.]

Nay, kill me, and if death be not enough,
Send me to labour, cloath me like a slave,
And I will wait upon your harsh commands,
If thou wilt only save our honour'd parent.

ROBESPIERRE.

The crisis of your fate draws near: beware—
Think on thine abject fortune, and suppress
The haughty spleen of disappointed pride.

DAU-

DAUPHIN.

You think to use me thus, perhaps, because
You've slain my Sov'reign; but my mother says
The King of Heaven is to be my father,
And I will tell him of your cruel deeds.

PRINCESS ROYAL.

What can I say to move you to compassion?
Thus groveling, and thus kneeling at your feet,
Let me conjure you by the ties of nature,
Let me conjure you by our sex's tears,
To pity, then release us from our wrongs.

MADAME.

Think on the sufferings which we've long en-
dur'd,
Think on the gloomy sorrows of our pris'n,
And sure thy frozen heart will melt with softness.

ROBESPIERRE.

Your prayers are vain—entreaty unavailing.
For you, who hast with insolence and scorn,

[To the Queen.]

Rejected, and oppos'd the tender'd means
That might have guarded you from future ills;
Henceforth, severity shall tame thy stubbornness,
And teach thee to repent this lofty folly. *[Exit.]*

QUEEN.

Still let them threaten—let the tempest howl.
As the earth's centre I will stand unmov'd,
Amidst

Amidst the mighty shock of jarring discord!
My woman's heart shall gather fortitude,
Whilst resignation arms me for the blow.
The keenest pangs that cleave my swelling breast,
Are to behold the partners of my woe.

MADAME.

Yet, sister, e'en from this depth of misery,
Two blessings still remain; the one is patience,
And the enduring our griefs together.

DAUPHIN.

Whilst thou art with us, this is not a pris'n.

PRINCESS ROYAL.

Your words will make us wanton in the praise
Of our captivity.

Enter an Officer, and Guards.

OFFICER.

Madam, reluctant,
I am sent (for our Convention so decrees)
To let you know their last resolve.

QUEEN.

Well, Sir,
You come to free me from this house of clay.
You bring a warrant for my execution.

OFFICER.

That would be mercy to the news I bear.
My faltering tongue can scarce perform its
office.

This

56 THE MAID OF NORMANDY; Or,

This very instant you must leave the Temple,
And henceforth, be confin'd alone, immur'd
Within the precinct of a gloomy cell.

QUEEN.

Great God of Heav'n, where will my mis'ries
end?

Thou dear companions of my wretched fate,
How shall I speak the parting word, farewell!

DAUPHIN.

Nay, they cannot, shall not force you from us!
For I will cling around thee, tho' their swords
Do cut me piece-meal! [*Holding the Queen.*]

QUEEN.

E'en stones would weep at such a scene as this!
Oh! didst thou know what agonies I feel,
You, and your vile employers, would relent.
Oh, my tormenting grief!—Oh, bitter pain:
'Tis worse than death!—'tis absolute despair.
It is—a mother—raving for her children.

PRINCESS ROYAL:

Oh! righteous Heav'n behold—avenge the deed!

MADAME.

And may the traitors curse th' ill omen'd day,
That gave 'em birth!

QUEEN.

I cannot bear your griefs,
Thus let me press thee to my throbbing heart,
And

And mingle tears of consolation ; Oh !
I want the healing pow'r to bring relief !
Ah ! wherefore am I made the curse, the cause
That must involve your innocence in ruin ?

OFFICER.

Convey the mother to the Conciergerie.

QUEEN.

Thou can'st not mean it, savage, cruel
monsters !
Fate shall not part us ! [*Embracing them all.*]

OFFICER.

Force them asunder.

*[Part of the Guards force the Queen one way,
and the other party the Princess Royal,
Madame and the Dauphin, another.]*

QUEEN.

Hew off my limbs ! Inhuman, barb'rous slaves !
I will not loose my hold—oh ! my poor children !

PRINCESS ROYAL and DAUPHIN.

Oh, save us, mother !

QUEEN.

Farewell, for ever ! [*Exeunt guarded.*]

H

SCENE

SCENE II. MARAT'S.

Enter CHARLOTTE CORDE', and SERVANT.

SERVANT.

My master, madam, will attend you straight.
I had forgot, a person has been here,
Who ask'd for you, and went away disturb'd.
He seem'd a foldier, for the garb he wore
Declar'd him to be such. [Exit.

CORDE'.

Ha! a foldier!
Dumiel has sure betray'd me, and I'm watch'd.
No matter, I'm above the sense of fear!
Thou blessed soul of him I daily mourn,
Look from thy halycon seat of happiness,
And smile upon the sacrifice I make thee.
Do thou, revenge, rouse up my slumb'ring rage.
Let not cold fear, or woman's tenderness,
Blunt the stern purpose of my heart; give me
A tyger's hungry fury, bent on prey,
That I may conjure death from out his den,
And hurl the villain from the face of earth;
That when his guilty conscience is asleep,
His Heav'n forgot, and naught awake but sin,
My vengeance, like the wildness of the winds,
May drown my sex's pity, that my hand
Like winged light'ning may destroy the monster.

Enter

Enter MARAT.

MARAT.

You're punctual, madam, I did not expect
A woman would so strictly keep her promise.

CORDE.

I honor truth, and when my word is pass'd,
I'd sooner die, than not obey its voice.

MARAT.

Die you will shortly, my romantick dame. [*Aside.*
Say, to what purpose is your second visit?

CORDE.

I come, once more, to warn you of the storm,
Which soon will burst on your devoted head,
If you persist in cruelty and blood.
Had I the gifted tongue of eloquence,
I would not lack persuasion to enforce
The truth I speak, for spite of flattery's fraud,
All thy misconduct will be brought to light.

MARAT.

'Tis time to curb the freedom of your speech.

CORDE.

Ah! what a weight thy lab'ring soul will press,
When Heav'n shall thunder in thy stubborn
heart,

H 2

And

And tell thee, that the orphan's piteous sighs,
Could never pierce thine adamantine breast.

MARAT.

In time be wise, the hand that has aveng'd,
And punish'd others, now commands thy fate.

CORDE.

By penitence and tears, wash off the stains,
The crimson blushes of your horrid crimes.

MARAT.

Audacious woman, thou shalt feel my pow'r.

CORDE.

Thy pow'r I scorn, thy menaces despise,
Virtue defies the force of ruffian cowardice.
My country makes me bold, nor would I cease
To plead her cause, tho' stretch'd upon the rack.

MARAT.

What daring impulse prompts thee to abuse
(In language unbecoming of thy sex)
The friend of liberty? Hast thou forgot
My zealous service in the people's cause?

CORDE.

The people's cause? mean, shallow artifice.—
Hast thou not murder'd thine anointed King?
Do not your laws, fram'd by your frantic zeal,
Transport

Transport the mind from liberty to license?
Specious in form, but dang'rous in effect.
A bitter draught, from out a golden cup.

MARAT.

To poison all such rebels as thyself.

CORDE.

Your city is become the monstrous den
Of fabled Polyphemus.—

“ The joints of slaughter'd wretches are your
“ food ;”

Your wine, the gory streams of headless trunks.
But soon shall Justice, with a flaming brand,
As did Ulysses, speedily revenge.

MARAT.

Thou bold intruder, dar'st thou enter here,
To preach your ostentatious classic-lore,
And brave me underneath my roof—Know'st
thou,
What I am ?

CORDE.

Thou art a shameless villain !
Sent as a scourge, and to disperse a plague ;
The air of France is tainted with thy breath.
Thy mother fed on brambles, when she nurs'd
thee.

MARAT.

Forbear, nor longer aggravate my wrath !
Tho' mercy, in compassion of thy charms,

Has

Has yet preserv'd thee from the doom of traitors,
 Yet anger, like the billows of the sea,
 Shall rise, and sink thee to the bottom.

CORDE.

Go,

To your *modern Pandæmonium*, the *Convention*,
 Where power usurps the will, and force decrees;
 There like the fiend of old, exalted sit,
 Pre-eminently great in wickedness!

MARAT.

Traduced—dishonour'd—by a woman's tongue!
 If thou dar'st whisper one accent more
 Of vile reproach, that moment is thy last.

CORDE.

What, have I touch'd the string, the thrilling
 chord,
 Whose sharp vibration wakes thy guilty con-
 science?

MARAT.

Learn thou impudent railer, that my guards
 Attend my pleasure, and at my command,
 Will instant bear thee to a loathsome dungeon.

There is but one way to avert my rage,
 And quench the heated passion of my mind.

Thy youth, thy beauty must excite desire,
 E'en in the frozen veins of jaded age—
 Let me but bask, and riot in thy arms,
 And take as recompense thy forfeit life.

COR-

CORDE'.

Execrable wretch!—infernal monster!
To proffer impious love? accursed slave!
Tho' heaven may, for a while, suspend it's
justice,
Nor weild it's thunder; yet, traitor, tremble—
'Tis not rebellious numbers on thy side,
Tho' each an Ajax, with a sevenfold shield,
Shall save thy perjured soul!

MARAT.

Obstinate fool!
Delay but warms desire—thou must be mine,
Not the conspiring powers of earth, and heaven,
Shall bar me from possession!--prithee, yield.
[Laying bold of her.]

CORDE'.

Unhand me, villain! *[Breaking from him.]*

MARAT.

Force is a sure resort!
My trusty guards, ye servants of my will,
Approach, and seize her.
[As the officer and guards enter, she stabs MARAT.]

CORDE'.

There, sink for ever!
And rise no more to plague mankind!

MARAT.

Furies!
My blood ebbs out apace—my eyes grow dim---
What

What fleeting shadow glides before my sight?
'Tis death!--for lo, he shakes a bloody dart!--
And, see---from out that gloomy, dark abyfs,
Legions of fiends!--now the gulph widens---oh--
They pull me down!--mercy!--oh, save me--
save me! [Dies,

OFFICER:

Ah, he is dead!--there end his misery.

CORDE.

Ah! rather now he stands arraign'd, trembling
Before the dread tribunal of his God,
To answer to a long account of Crimes.

THEODORE.

Off--give me way, I will not be withheld.

[Without.

*[Theodore enters; they both start, fix their
eyes on each other, and stand for some time
motionless.*

CORDE.

Ha! Rapture! 'Tis the vision of Alberto!
From out his narrow prison of the earth,
He comes to consecrate the deed.

THEODORE.

My Charlotte.

[Tenderly.

CORDE.

And dost thou live indeed? He does! he does!
It is—it is—Alberto! (*Embracing*) what miracle
Restor'd thee to my arms?

THE-

THEODORE.

My death was feign'd.

E'en now, I met the faithful, old Dumiel,
Who told the useful story of your woes.
I flew with haste, impatience spur'd me on,
To seek you out; but ah! too late I came,
For death triumphant reigns in all its horrors!

CORDE.

When I was told a soldier had been here,
I little thought it was my lov'd Alberto!

OFFICER.

The guards are waiting to escort you hence.

THEODORE.

And is it thus we meet, to part so soon?

CORDE.

Thou'rt come to see me wedded to my grave.

THEODORE.

Oh! must that form be mangled by the axe,
Expos'd a publick spectacle, a gaze,
Dragg'd like a common culprit to the block. —
The ignominious thought distracts my brain.

CORDE.

It is the *deed*, and not the *punishment*,
Which constitutes the shame.

THEODORE.

Ah, could my arms,
Thus shield thee from the dart of destiny,
I would endure all hardships to preserve thee—

I

But

But can I live to see thee torn away?

No, this sword shall plunge me in oblivion!

[Drawing his sword.]

CORDE.

Forbear, thy country may demand thy service.

[Holding him.]

Her injur'd honour bids thee live.

OFFICER.

Madam,

You must not, by delay, obstruct

The duties of my office.

CORDE.

I'll attend.

I had a thousand tender things to say,

Ere I sat forward on that fearful journey,

To join the great majority—ere the grave,

“That subterraneous passage to eternity,”

Gap'd to receive me—pay the last obsequies,

To my poor remains—no other epitaph

Do I require to chronicle my fame,

Except a nation's tears of gratitude.

The best memorial is—our country's praise!

E'en Brutus, if alive, would envy me

The deed; a deed, that will for ages stand,

Enroll'd on Fame's eternal, brazen volume!

This one embrace, and then a long adieu.

[Embracing.]

Mourn

The DEATH of *the* QUEEN of FRANCE. 67

Mourn not for me, but weep for ruin'd France.
I march not forth to death, but victory?
For when the long divorce of steel shall fall,
And the life-blood issue from the blow, then,
Shall the scarlet stream perpetuate my name,
And prove an emblem of immortal fame!
A patriot's bosom glows with heav'nly fire;
The more you stir the flame, it mounts the
higher.

E'en malice gives a tribute of applause,
To those who perish in their country's cause.

[EXEUNT.]

END OF ACT III.

A C T. IV.

SCENE I.—A STREET.

Enter Robespierre, meeting Lecure.

ROBESPIERRE.

Well my co-agent of our common cause,
Have you suborn'd the witnesses you spoke of?

LECURE.

I have; each are now summon'd to the trial—
I brib'd their conscience by the lure of gold,
So that, they'll swear whatever we require.

ROBESPIERRE.

Then victory is ours—the Queen shall perish—
But to make sure, I'll forge another proof

Of blackest guilt against her, which shall sink
Her name to deepest infamy, that wives
Shall shudder at the mention of her crime,
Even her crime of foul, incestuous passion.

LECURE.

What you devise wears a successful face;
But 'tis an act of such outrageous malice,
I fear, 'twill even shock the hearts of rebels,
And make 'em start abhorrent from the thought.

ROBESPIERRE.

No matter, tho' it seems not possible,
More monstrous tales have oft deceiv'd the vulgar.
Trust to my caution, lay aside your fears,
I'll silence all alarms—

LECURE.

There is that here,

[Laying his hand upon his breast.

On which, as on the founder's iron-forged,
Ten thousand hammers, with repeated blows,
Strike on my harden'd breast, and ev'ry spark
They force, is, like a scorching flame of fire,
Which lights me to my shame.

ROBESPIERRE.

Quench then the heat,
By blood of traitors; resume your courage,
That used to shrink at nothing—

LECURE.

Since I've dismiss'd the guard integrity,
That triple shield of innocence, my life's

A bur-

The DEATH of *the* QUEEN of FRANCE. 69

A burthen; rack'd with the sad remembrance
Of what I've done, I dare not hope for peace;
And fearing worse, my thoughts recoil from
death,

And make me tremble for my wretched being.

ROBESPIERRE.

It mads me to behold this lethargy—
Away with conscience—'tis the cant of priest-
craft—

The magic Incantation of a convent—
'Tis superstition's undigested food,
And, like the incubus, disturbs repose.

He that pretends to't, is in constant dread,
And dies a beggar—Pity for his tomb—
Virtue is prais'd, indeed, but oftner starves.

LECURE.

Your words, my friend, have silenc'd ev'ry
scruple.

Rather than submit to beggary, and rags,
And live the object of the world's contempt,
I yield to thy directions, and would plunge,
Thro ev'ry danger to acquire the means
Of riches, those glittering marks of pow'r,
Which hide Deformity—but, time is precious,
Ere this the Queen's arraign'd.

ROBESPIERRE.

It glads my heart,
That I shall glut my vengeance on her ruin,
And

And flake my thirst with draughts of royal gore!
 To see her foam in vain, like some fierce Lion,
 Who long has reign'd the monarch of the woods.
 But when entangled in the subtle web,
 In vain, he roars; in vain he bites the snare
 That holds him in the toil— [Exeunt

SCENE II.—*The REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL.*

*The President and Members seated, an Officer and
 Guards attending, and the Queen standing at the
 Bar.*

P R E S I D E N T.

Widow of Capet, what can you allege
 Against the charge of flying to Varennes?

Q U E E N.

To justify my conduct I have much
 To say, and speak in my defence.—
 First, as a Queen, I but obey'd my King;
 Then, as a wife, I but obeyed my husband;
 And as a mother, but pursu'd affection!
 Should these inducements be not strong enough,
 Self-preservation, nature's first, grand law,
 Must plead in my behalf.

P R E S I D E N T.

You're further charg'd,
 With having by your underhanded means,
 Endeavour'd to restore despotic rule.

Q U E E N.

QUEEN.

Could I restore what never had been lost?
For France, at present, groans beneath the
weight

Of democratick Despots—The' the star,
The peerless star that lately shone in glory,
Is now obscur'd, and is for ever set,
Th' illustrious name of Bourbon still survives,

Must I recall?—by lawless pow'r constrain'd
My royal husband was bereft of empire—
And to compleat the anguish of the heart,
And swell the Torrent of the widow's tears,
I'm hither brought, ah, cruel hate, to find
My rest in death—my freedom in the grave?

PRESIDENT.

Your words are tainted with too much asperity.

QUEEN.

My words offend because the voice of truth.

PRESIDENT.

Before the final Sentence is decreed,
We give you freedom to address the court.

QUEEN.

If there are any friends to suffering virtue,
Come here, as witness to this tragick scene,
(For I anticipate the Doom of Death,)
Let them in justice weigh mine innocence—

Amongst ye I was planted in my youth,
(Would then, if heav'n had so been pleas'd, I'd
perish'd,)

Grew

Grew up, and bore the nation goodly fruit,
The honourable fruit of marriage.

But now, I'm wither'd by the breath of treason,
Boldly, and basely ravished of a crown,
My husband murder'd, and myself inclos'd
Within a dungeon's solitary gloom;
My children torn for ever from my arms!

But he, whose piercing eye pervades the whole,
And in his time restores, will right their wrongs!

P R E S I D E N T.

What more? you shall be heard at full.

Q U E E N.

Think not,
I meanly wish to supplicate for life.
My better part already is destroy'd—
The snow has fallen on the mountain's top,
And premature old age, by sorrow nurs'd,
"Mark'd many a furrow on my care-worn
"check."

Now, sirs, I wait the issue—I'm prepar'd—
Death has no terrors, equal to the pangs,
Compar'd to all the mis'ries I have felt.

P R E S I D E N T.

[*Rising*

Widow of Capet, you appear before us,
To prove your Innocence, or, stand condemn'd.
Your various treasons 'gainst our dawning liber-
ties,

Your plots to re-establish monarchy,

Your

Your court-intrigues, and dang'rous stratagems,
'Gainst our republick, have been clearly prov'd.

It now remains that you receive the sentence,
Which this august tribunal ratifies.

Death, is the punishment I now pronounce;
Upon the scaffold you must expiate
Your crimes

QUEEN.

I pardon—I forgive you from my soul,
And hope my blood may be the last that flows
Of my unhappy race—

Let those now seated on this bench of pow'r
Who mock the majesty of sacred justice,
Store in their memory my dying words—
A day will surely come, hear it, and tremble,
When you yourselves will stand before a judge—
When the recording angel will not drop
A tear upon your deeds to blot them out,
But will produce the awful Register,
Whose leaves are stained with the blood you've
spilt!—

[Exit the Queen, guarded—the scene closes.]

SCENE III.—A STREET.

Enter Theodore, Dumiel, and other Loyalists.

DUMIEL.

'Tis thus, my citizens, and fellow countrymen,
'Tis thus, unhappy Gallia droops her head,

K

And

74 *The MAID of NORMANDY; Or,*

And sinks beneath accumulating ills—
An upstart, desp'rate race, who vulture like,
Will, with rav'nous beak, and cruel talons,
Prey on the entrails of our bleeding land.

THEODORE.

Freedom, and right no longer shall be known—
The modest matron, and the spotless maid,
The guard of virtue, and the prop of age,
E'en all that man can hold most dear, and precious,
Will be the spoil of our imperious traitors.

DUMIEL.

Let not the specious sound of liberty,
Betray ye to an act of inhumanity.

THEODORE.

Here, for myself I swear t' unsheath my sword,
And guard the majesty of ravag'd France—
Nor shall the honors mad ambition seeks,
Nor all the wealth that bribes the soul to guilt,
Force me to desert the cause of innocence;
Make me abandon an expiring Queen,
Or leave the royal captives in distress!

DUMIEL.

Peace to thy iust rings, thou illustrious Queen!—
Once the dear idol of a people's love,
How blest was once the morning of thy life!
But lo, the evening of thy splendid day,
In darkness sets, o'ercast by gloomy Fate!

THE-

THEODORE.

Last night of all when posted on my guard,
I saw the subterraneous, dreary cell,
Where this devoted victim is immur'd.

A glim'ring lamp, hung from the arched vault,
Serv'd but to shew the horrors of the place—

The noxious vapours rising from the earth,
Had cast a misty dew upon the walls,
Whose gelid moisture, trickling down their sides,
Appear'd to weep for her unhappy lot—

At the one corner, lay some scatter'd embers,
That only seem'd to mock the warmth she

Upon the cold, damp earth, she lay reclin'd—
Her auburn tresses on her shoulders hung,
Neglected, and dishevell'd, and portray'd
The melancholy picture of despair!

DUMIEL.

Oh, that some happy means might yet be
found,
To free her from the doleful dungeon.

THEODORE.

Ere yet another hour be pass'd, I shall
Be near the pris'n—the station is most apt.

[Here Robespierre enters unobserved.]

The partners of my watch, have pledg'd their
honour,

A soldier's binding Oath, to share the danger,
And, at the hazard of their lives, release

The royal martyr from approaching death—
 What, shall our swords hang useless by our
 side,

When bold rebellion, with a giant's arm,
 Would crush the noblest pillars of our States
 Contaminate the laws, and make us live
 The savage band of anarchy, and blood?

Oh, may that wretch, like murd'rous Cain,
 abhorr'd,

Be branded with an Æthiop's stain, who dares
 To violate the sacred right of kings! [*Exeunt.*

ROBESPIERRE.

Ha, is it even so?—release the Queen!

[*Coming forward.*

Tho' treason walks abroad, and with temerity,
 Plots mischief in the open streets, my care,
 Audacious slaves, shall counteract your schemes.

This very hour the Queen shall meet her doom.
 Whilst at our leisure those abandon'd rebels,
 Shall be encircled with a load of chains,
 And end their mad career upon the scaffold!

[*Exit.*

Can

SCENE THE LAST.

The dungeon of the Conciergerie. The Queen discovered lying on the ground.

QUEEN.

Wherefore should I fear to tread the dreary
Mansion of the grave? Each step we move,
Travels towards it, and each fleeting hour
Knolls the departure of time's narrow space.

What cloud, what desert, or, what misty darkness,
Can hide us from the peircing search of death.
What rampart can the sapient art of man's
Artillery, raise against the seige of fate?
Then welcome, Death, thou messenger of peace,
Thou healing cordial to an aching heart—
And tho' the road which I must pass, is strew'd
With thorns and briers, something whispers here,
And tells me, I shall wear a crown immortal!

Enter THEODORE.

THEODORE.

Thanks to indulgent Heav'n, I've gain'd my
wish;
The centinels unheeded let me pass.
This, is indeed, the cave of misery,
The chief abode of wretchedness and woe.

Ah, yonder sits the sad remains of greatness,
The mourning relick of a murder'd King

QUEEN

QUEEN.

What voice, in pity-breathing strains, resounds,
As tho' it felt my sorrows as it's own?

THEODORE.

Accept, my Queen, a subject's richest gift,
[Kneeling.
The loyal inspiration of the heart!

QUEEN.

Nay, prithee, do not aggravate my grief,
And with insulting, cruel mockery,
Sport with the feelings of an helpless woman.

THEODORE.

Oh, do not wrong the purpose of my soul—
My bosom fraught with manly charity,
Unlocks the sluice of nature, and pours forth
The tributary tear of sympathy!

QUEEN.

I thank thy tender nature, and lament
My circumscrib'd ability, that lacks
The means to pay thee.

THEODORE.

The cause of virtue,
Is the cause of all—let the fordid wretch
Do good, and hope reward; the gen'rous mind,
Acts from a nobler instinct, purer motive.
The god-like impulse of humanity!

QUEEN

The DEATH *of the* QUEEN *of* FRANCE. 79

QUEEN.

Such friendly sounds but seldom enter here,
Where nothing's heard, save the sad piercing
screams
Of tortur'd captives, and the clinking noise
Of galling fetters, or the pondrous gates,
Creeking on their rusty iron hinges.

THEODORE.

Heart-rending woe!—Oh horrible relation!
But now the time is near at hand, when thou
Shal't re-assume the sceptre, and be free.

QUEEN.

The thoughts of empire I have long since ba-
nish'd—
Th' imperial garland shall no more adorn
My brow!—fate, brooding o'er her iron-loom,
Has wove the shroud of death.

THEODORE.

The guards are yours—
This instant take advantage of my aid,
And leave the prison.

QUEEN.

Think of the danger.
No, let me rather die, than be the cause
Of your destruction.

THEODORE.

Think of your offspring,
Those dearest pledges of thy nuptial vows.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Oh, thou hast rous'd the mother to my heart !
For their dear sakes I'd linger out my days,
Receive, with joy, the proffer'd means of life,
And live, contented, tho' an abject slave.

THEODORE.

Haste then, my royal mistress, from this place.

QUEEN.

My shiv'ring limbs benumb'd with chilling
damps, [Rising.]
Can scarce support me—oh, I feel decay—
I'll thank you for your arm—'tis kind indeed—
And much I owe thee for thy gen'rous friendship.
I fear—I tremble for the issue.

As Theodore is leading her off, an Officer and Guards enter.

Ah!— [Screams, and falls to the ground.

THEODORE.

Destruction to my hopes, undone for ever!

OFFICER.

Yes, traitor, thou art caught.

THEODORE.

I know the worst—
Let guilty souls appal'd, shrink back from death,
The bravely innocent, can bravely die!

OFFICER

OFFICER. *To the guards.*

Raise up the prisoner, the guards without,
Are ready to conduct her to the scaffold.

THEODORE.

For pity's sake suspend the cruel sentence,
And grant her but the respite of an hour.

OFFICER.

It must not be—I dare not disobey
My orders.

THEODORE.

What legal obligation,
Binds thee to unworthy service?—for shame—
Let not compulsion stigmatize the man.

Curse on the soil where virtue cannot thrive;
Where, the devouring locusts of equality,
Swallow the produce of industrious labour,
Fatten in sloth, and like the sluggish drones,
Rob from the honey'd treasures of the bee!—

I blush to think on your disgraceful deeds—
My last departing sigh shall breath revenge,
And heavè a malediction on your city.

QUEEN.

Where are my children?—fain I would indulge
The few, short moments of expiring life,
In fond endearments, such as mothers feel.
May I not see them?—take a parting kiss,
Ere I go hence, and shall be seen no more?

L

OFFICER.

OFFICER.

It is not in my pow'r to grant your wish.

QUEEN.

Well, fir, the struggling conflict of my soul
Will be the less; 'twill save the sharpest pangs
Of witnessing the grief I cannot cure.

My wearri'd head will soon lie down in peace,
My aching bosom will forget to beat,
And I shall slumber on my earthy couch,
Till the archangel's trump shall waken death!

*[A long roll of muffled drums—the Queen starts,
but after a pause, resumes a majestic dignity—
then, enter the executioner, and guards, who
range themselves on each side the stage]*

OFFICER.

It is the dreadful summons!—you must prepare
To die.

QUEEN.

I will not long detain you, fir—
I truly mourn that virtue such as thine,

[To Theodore]

Should meet so poor requital, as my thanks;
And grieve still more to think I am the cause,
Of all that you may suffer for my sake.

THE-

THEODORE.

Let not that thought imbitter your repose.
The subject, who can view the howling storm,
That threatens to subvert the seat of empire,
And strives not to support the sinking throne—
May such a wretch be hunted thro' the world,
And live dependant on a miser's alms!—

QUEEN.

Oh, thou supreme, who sit'st en'thron'd on high!
[*Kneeling.*

Who hast infus'd within the cup of life,
The bitt'rest potion for the draught of pride—
If, in the dispensations of thy pow'r,
Thou hast decreed for some peculiar end,
That I should suffer for a vicious race,
With humblest patience I sustain the load.
If, in the thoughtless hour of dazzled pomp,
My heart has been estrang'd from thee, and heav'n,
In mercy, punish; bless my poor orphans,
And stretch a ray of pity on their fate!

Strengthen my nature in the trying hour,
And let religion's unextinguished flame,
Illumine the dusky passage of the grave.

Come, hope, tho' white rob'd cherub of the sky,
Descend, and rock me to eternal rest! [*Rising*

Now lead me to my doom—my soul prepar'd,
With joy looks forward to that peaceful shore,
The blissful seat of happy spirits—why

should

Should apprehension shake this feeble frame?—
Death's but a passport to eternity!—

[The soldiers, &c. &c. pass in procession, as guarding the Queen—the muffled drums beating the dead march—and Exeunt.]

THEODORE.

Avenging Nemesis, at whose command,
Wild discord folds her garments dy'd in blood,
Inrob'd with justice, send thy missile dart,
To drive rebellion from the guilty land—

Scourge those who brought a monarch to the
tomb,
And laid a King's prerogative in dust.

Prophetic inspiration prompts my tongue,
And bids me speak the wishes of my soul—

May all republicans, with envy see,
A monarch happy, and his subjects free;
May peace expand her olive-branching wings,
And freedom smile, beneath the reign of Kings!



THE END.